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ORATION.

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Our Republic--Political Integrity, Its Sheet Anchor.

AN ORATION,

Delivered July 4th, 1871, at West Point, Nebraska, by

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PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Those great principles which lie at the foundation of human Governments, and which consequently have much to do with the happiness of Mankind, and the prosperity of Nations, are too important to the people—too dear to patriotic hearts to be rarely discussed :

Ninety-five years ago this day there was assembled in old Liberty Hall, in the city of Brotherly Love, a body of patriots who had been chosen by the people of the American Colonies, as the wisest and best men in the land.

These men were especially charged by their constituents to enquire into and true presentment make, concerning the various complaints and alleged grievances which for long years had come up from the people of these Colonies against England, the Mother Country.

The communities whom these delegates represented were weak in physical numbers—weak in the power which gold confers—weak in influence with other nations—in fact, weak in every material which a people need when about to open a contest for their rights against a powerful foe; except that they possessed one simple weapon—confidence that their cause was just. Sustained by this unfaltering trust—with all the assurance that David, otherwise unarmed, with his smooth pebble and leathern sling, went out to meet Goliath, of Gath, clad in iron armor and equipped with sword and shield—these colonists came up to meet their oppressors.

The details of the wrongs they complained of are too familiar to every reader of history to require detail here. They were most skilfully and wonderfully summed up and presented in the Indictment found by the grave council which had been duly summoned by the colonists to enquire into and present the same; and we have just heard them enumerated.—They are contained in the Declaration of Independence, which on the 4th day of July, 1776, was so deliberately and solemnly signed and published to the world by the assembled Wisdom, Goodness, Justice and Truth, of those pioneers of American Liberty, as then represented at Philadelphia.

The conclusion to which these men came, to formally issue that Declaration, was the result of careful deliberation, after full and free consultation with the people interested therein, and after a thorough canvass of the trials and difficulties that must be overcome; the battles to be fought, the

victories to be won, ere the flag of the new Union should wave, battle-scarred and triumphant, over a people freed from foreign oppression—over a people whose cause was founded upon the fact—upon the great principle—that Self-Government is the only true, proper and just one for mankind.

They were as well aware as men could be that the Declaration they were making would result in a severe test of this principle, and consequently in a virtual settlement of the question whether men, as nations, are capable of governing themselves.

They had before them, against the proposition of self-government, almost the entire current of history—Sacred and Profane—for up to that time the tide of public opinion had been strongly, yes, fearfully, against this proposition, as the true one on which to base national existence.

What, then, induced this noble band of brothers, led by the immortal JEFFERSON, to declare that “all men are created equal?” From whence came this proposition, and from what spirit did it emanate? Not alone from a sense of the wrongs which the colonists had suffered at the hands of the Mother Country—it came rather from the promptings of that innate sentiment which teaches that neither blood, nor ancestry, nor place, nor power, nor titled names, nor the tinsel show of aristocracy, nor anything else, save alone acting up to the full conviction of that principle which enables a struggling people to say in truth “*our cause is just*”—just before God and before man—will lead a people to those ultimate triumphs and that permanent peace which exalteth a nation.

It is often said concerning “orations” delivered upon the 4th of July, and the subjects upon which speakers on this occasion are accustomed to dwell, that the theme is “old,” “hackneyed,” “worn out,” “stale and unprofitable.” Is this so, and if so, should it be so? Is not the memory of those devoted patriots, who for us, as well as for themselves, pledged “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor,” to the establishment and support of an American Republic, as fresh, as green, to-day as it was twenty, forty, sixty, or even eighty years ago? If not, should it not be?

On the other hand, should not the fact that the principle of self-government has been tested by a three-fold process, and each time as by fire, tend to render any reference to the birth, youth and manhood of our country always interesting and welcome to the ear of every true patriot?

Can we not say in truth that the three fold cord which now binds together, in indissoluble ties, the States of this Republic, was wrought,—First, from the lusty sinews of Americans, native and adopted, who shed their blood in achieving our independence in 1776.—Second, from the nerve of those who died in saving the same in the war of 1812, and—Third, from the fearless muscle and brawny arms of the brave boys in blue who immortalized themselves in maintaining it by the terrible civil war of 1861—the trials of which are still so fresh in our memories? Does the Old World, or any portion of the New, desire any further test, any stronger evidence, that national existence can be maintained on the principle of self-government? Let them but say so, and it shall be given, again and again—given until the long tried patience of American Republicans shall be exhausted, and they shall cast to the four winds of heaven the principle of non-intervention; and lead forth in the Old World, as in the New, the conquering hosts that shall come from the North, the South, the East and the West, at the call of a liberty-loving, God-fearing people.

But, asks the skeptic, if Republicanism is to be a success in America, if Democracy be the true principle of government, why does it not succeed elsewhere? Why does Mexico, upon the same continent, and France, and Hungary, and Germany, and Ireland, on the eastern, try, and try, again and

again, to secure this great boon, and yet so signally fail? I answer, First, the people of these countries are not united in desiring the establishment of a Republican form of government, as well as the colonists were.

In the second place, mere Man worship, Hero worship, worship of the success of arms as such, regardless of the objects for which they have been made successful, has infatuated the masses.

The last, and by far the most important reason, is the simple, well-known fact, that the common people are uneducated there, in the great, in the true principles of Human liberty. These are neither taught them by practice nor by precept. In fact, the education of the lower classes is, unfortunately, sadly neglected in most monarchical countries. Wherever among them, as in Germany, France and Hungary, we find the people educated to any considerable extent, there we also find, every now and then, outcroppings of the evidences that self-government is the principle which presents itself as the true one, to the enlightened mind. This is seen in those irregular spasmodic efforts to obtain Liberty there, which thus far, most unfortunately, have failed.

No American, no true patriot, can but hope, fervently hope, that ere long, like the volcano that has slumbered, it may be for centuries, almost unheeded, the spirit of Freedom, in those countries, will yet again burst forth afresh, and pour its irresistible torrent, its liquid lava of free thought free speech and free action, cemented by the livid flames of heroism, triumphantly over the dry bones of decaying monarchies, until they shall be buried forever from the sight of man, no more to disturb the day-dreams of those liberty-loving men and women who have hitherto struggled in vain for their natural rights, in vain to escape that rule whose only merit lies in its boasted antiquity.

It was indeed most fortunate for this country, for America, that her struggles for Independence were put forth before monarchical principles had become popular with the masses. In the youthful weakness of the colonies lay their great moral strength.

We who live remote, nearly a century from their day, are liable to become unmindful of the privations, of the toils and hardships of the men, women and children of the Revolution. When they determined to have Liberty or have Death, they did so with a deliberation that should afterwards know no hesitancy, no delay, no such word as "fail." They seemed to catch glimpses of the future of this land, should it become a Republic, and they saw also what the result would be should theirs' prove to be a lost cause.

On the one hand, fifty millions of free men, free women and free children, would rise up in less than a century to call them blessed; on the other the last hope of Liberty, that true Liberty, whose foundation is laid in the simple proposition of self-government would be lost—to all human foresight, forever lost.

Had the Mother Country but succeeded then in establishing a junior monarchy here, where, I ask, was the land which would have been left wherein to plant the tree, Independence, with a hope, a reasonable hope, its attaining maturity for centuries, if ever.

Resting under the ever grateful shade of this tree, this true Banyan of liberty, which, planted by our forefathers, the men of the Revolution, in a soil indigeonous to its growth, enriched by their best blood, bedewed with the tears of their widows and orphans, and upon the green leaves and matured branches of which has been sprinkled the priceless blood of their sons in these latter days, we are liable, in the pride of our National Peace, Wealth and increasing Glory, to forget that there is yet danger that the blessings which we to-day recount, may be lost—no, I will not say lost—

but, sacrificed, offered up to that inordinate love of personal distinction, that self-ambition, that thirst for place and power, which would pervert the best principles of man's nature to attain its selfish ends.

WASHINGTON cautioned the early settlers of this country, in his farewell address, that they should cause the people to be educated, in order that they might thereby be enabled the better to understand the true principles of the Government, and so be prepared to maintain them.

No one can doubt that this caution was needed, and that the diffusion of knowledge among the masses, in schools, the general circulation of political information among them, through newspapers, and the many other channels through which intelligence of this kind finds its way into the homes and hearts of our people, has done much, very much, to aid in perpetuating the Republic.

At this day, however, it requires no more than ordinary observation to discover that the greater danger that our Government will not ultimately survive, does not so much lie in the want of intelligence among the people as in the tendency among politicians to obtain place and power, for self-aggrandizement or pecuniary profit. So strong has this tendency become in these latter days that the people now seldom succeed in the elevation of one of their number to place, to office, upon the good old rule of *capability, honesty and faithfulness*.

While a majority of the voters constantly desire to do this, they as constantly find themselves baffled by politicians, whose aim is to elevate those and only those, through whose influence they can secure either political power for themselves or public plunder for their friends.

We boast, it is true, of the peculiar privileges of the ballot box, and are wont to flatter ourselves, when we deposit those little slips of paper

"Which come down as still
As snow flakes fall upon the sod,
But execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God."

That we are giving to the world a practical illustration of the principles of self-government, of the right of suffrage, when, alas, how often—if the price of each vote, or the real motive with which it was cast, including what this, that or the other political trickster had said or done to influence the casting of that vote, were written legibly upon its back, so that it could be read of all men—what blushes of shame and confusion would reddens the face of him who had dared to buy it with a price—a price either absolutely of money, or what is no less wrong, the promise to the ear, to be broken to the heart, of some political favor.

So long as men who make politics a profession and a trade—a trade in fact in more than one sense—are permitted by the voters, by the would-be honest masses of the people, to buy and sell and traffic in votes, to make the right of suffrage, that priceless palladium of our liberties—in thought, in action, in all political matters, a mere stock broker's capital, to be hawked about by them and their tricky co-workers—the political bulls and bears of bar-rooms and saloons, and other places of public and private resort, so long will the spirit that animated the signers of the Declaration of Independence be but a bye word and a reproach to our Nation.

The hopes of the rulers of the Old World, that America will yet prove recreant to the high trust reposed in her by those who drafted the *Magna Charta* of her liberties, receives encouragement every time that political stock jobbers carry an election in the United States. This political jugglery is not confined to any locality, to any particular city, county or State. Throughout the length and breadth of the land, offices from the highest to the lowest are virtually disposed of, as it were, at public vendue.

The mere politician is so infatuated with the love of office that he is always on hand, like the principal actor in a circus, to perform all sorts of high and lofty and ground tumbling—to turn all sorts of somersaults, backward, forward, or both at once, if desired. His political principles hang loosely about him. To-day he belongs to one party, to-morrow to another, and the next day to a third, desiring only to trim his sails to the popular breeze.

While the honor of holding any political position should be the principal reason for securing it, and not the love of monetary gain, it is well known that a large proportion of the office seekers of the present day spend more money in obtaining a nomination, or an election, than the entire pay of the office, when secured, amounts to. The natural result is that the power conferred by the office must be used to cause, in some way, a return of the expended capital. Hence the speculations and peculations in the various departments of the government; the selling of contracts, the disposal for a stipulated price, of the various emoluments over which the officer has control, until, when the balance is struck, it is discovered but too late, that the Government, National as well as State, is swindled of thousands and tens of thousands of the peoples' money—money that the taxpayer has deposited from his hard earnings to help to defray only honest expenditures.

It requires no prophetic gift to predict, no remarkable vision to see, that all this tends to weaken the Republic, to undermine its foundation stones, and to destroy the confidence of the true patriot in its ultimate success.

It is true, then, that this nation has receded from the principles of its early fathers, who required "honesty, ability and fidelity" in all those upon whom were to be conferred the emoluments of political offices. And not only this; it has ceased, almost ceased, to elevate to the higher offices in its gift those men who are best known for intellectual capacity, for wisdom, for enlarged views of statesmanship, in a word, men of brains. The second and third rate politicians—and those two classes comprise by far the larger part, are jealous of intellect, but more especially jealous of that unflinching honesty of purpose which would rule out those who seek office for its emoluments, rather than its honors.

Why, let me ask, if this be not true, have the great men of this Nation, as a class, men who were conceived in Patriotism and brought forth in Liberty, been defeated as they have from time to time appeared before the people as candidates for the highest offices in their gift? Most certainly, not because the people, as such, did not desire them to rule over them, did not admire, almost worship them, as wise men and judicious statesmen, but rather because political jugglers and brokers, the lobbyists, the hangers on at political conventions, fear great and good men.

Will any sane man presume to assert that the political corruptions of later years, corruptions which threaten ere long to subvert, if not to overthrow the foundations of our Republic, and to make the Revolution which we this day celebrate a mere "Rebellion," would have existed as they now exist in high places as well as low, had the selection of the best men for high political promotion been the guiding rule for the last fifty years.

Why, I ask, were CLAY, CALHOUN, CASS, WEBSTER, BENTON, and other men of their stamp thrust aside for lesser lights, and sent to their graves under a sense of the ingratitude of Republics? Is not their history a lesson for men of this day to ponder? Well may we say with the Poet who sang of the men of ancient days:

"Where are the heroes of ages past—

The mighty ones who flourished in the infancy of days?

All to the grave gone down,

And on their fallen greatness sits grim Forgetfulness."

Would it were not so. It were much pleasanter to think

"The great man ~~never~~ falls ;
He lives, he towers aloft, he stands sublime.
They fall who give him not
The honor here that suits his future fame,
They die and are forgot."

The great and good of earth share alike the envy and hatred of those who possess neither their talents nor their probity. Few, indeed, are there whom the honest masses would delight to honor that scheming politicians do not contrive, by some ill device, to keep from attaining place and power. So true is this that offices of all grades are in truth and in fact by

"Ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain,"

sold to the highest bidder, with as little thought of the danger which lies therein to the great principles upon which our government is based as the licensed auctioneer knocks down his second-hand wares on our street corners. It has, indeed, been well said

"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

The American Union has, and always has had its foes, abroad as well as at home, but neither can succeed. The attacks made upon her strongholds—her bulwarks—have been most vigorous. Foreign nations, jealous of her rising power, have sought to crush her by that terrible weapon, public opinion, as well as by that more material assistance, "aid and comfort," granted to her enemies in time of civil war. But to no avail.

At home, the combined and powerful efforts to dismember the Union, made so perseveringly by a large minority of the States—sustained by the undaunted heroism of an army led by brave and gallant officers—after four years of terrible and almost incessant domestic war, and the loss of thousands of precious lives, most signally failed. Not a pillar of the old temple of Liberty was started from its foundation—not a star of that bright galaxy which lights up its gilded dome was dimmed—not a stone shaken in its walls—in all her pristine glory, upon that foundation so deeply laid by our ancestors, there she stands—firm as the everlasting hills—a model Union—a model Republic—a beacon light to guide to a haven of rest the toiling millions of the Old World, who would escape the shoals of Monarchy or the rocks of Empire—to her let them look—to us let them come. Here we offer an asylum of refuge to the oppressed of every nation, kindred and tongue, and invite them to enjoy with us the blessings of a Free Government. We welcome them to our aid in the speedy development of all those material interests which go to make up and constitute a united people—a happy and prosperous nation. Especially to the free soil of this far western land do we invite them, and bid them welcome, thrice welcome. Welcome to happy homes in this sweet vale of beauty which we to-day behold—this fertile valley where the setting sun wistfully lingers to cast a fond parting glance at the loveliest landscape which adorns his diurnal course, ere he robes his vision with the veil of night, and quickly disappears, as if to hide his grief at parting.

From the foreign population which lands upon our shores, much is to be hoped favorable to the stability of the Republic—much from the fact that scarcely the first generation passes ere that, by intermarriage and social union, by the adoption of a common language, by assuming the habits of those to the manor born, by a willingness to support the government of their adopted country and a desire to steer clear of the ills they left behind—it becomes essentially American. Having once escaped the hand of Monarchy, these people love liberty quite too well to give it up without a struggle, and as soldiers they have no superiors.

Experience—dear blood-bought experience, has demonstrated the fact that in the Old World, in all probability, generations must pass away ere the blessings of a Republican form of government can be attained by any one of the nations there. So long has the spirit of monarchy ruled them that the people, from habit, are averse to progress, and slow to perceive, and still slower to adopt the sentiments upon which Republics are founded.

It is not for us of this Western World, this favored land, to say, much less to boast, that our freedom could have been attained had not this people been young, as a Nation, and restive under the restraint, not to say oppressions, of the Governments in the old country before they came here.—It was this that led them to sacrifice the ties of kindred, and brave the dangers of the deep, that they might find a new land, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, with none to molest or make them afraid, where they could live under rules and regulations of their own making.

Now and then historians of our mother country have dared to say—it may be thoughtlessly said—that America, so far as the white population is concerned, was originally peopled with “convicts, felons, and rebels.” In the early part of the Revolution these writers delighted in taunting the colonists with charges that they were seceders, outcasts, runaways and dissenters. They compared them to the people of New South Wales and Botany Bay, which were settled by felons whose sentences had been commuted to transportation for life.

This class of English writers do not seem to have comprehended the difference between resistance to edicts and laws, as a religious conviction, a moral sentiment, and that resistance which is everywhere recognized by civilized nations as a crime. They never so much as dreamed that

“Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.”

Thankful should we be that it was men who did dream this, and whose dreams became a living reality; who were, in the course of human events, to follow first, the westward course of Empire, and come to this land, here to establish, defend and maintain principles founded upon that sentiment.

First among these was Raleigh, chivalrous, true and brave, who unfortunately had the honor of a man, and would not let tyranny stalk abroad unrebuked. Hence the pride of Old Virginia and the patriotism of her sons in the early days of the Republic. Then came Carver, and Brewster, and Bradford, and their comrades, and Miles Standish, pilgrims who knew their rights, civil and religious, and dared to defend them. From men like these have descended the hardy, toiling sons of New England, worthy sons of worthy sires.

Our mother country, not content with driving men from her shores for naught save their peculiar religious opinions, issued next the edict that peopled Maryland with Catholics and Pennsylvania with Quakers. Nor was it long before the American plantations were recruited by the Germans convicted of inhabiting the Palatinate, when the merciless armies of Louis XIV, were turned into that devoted region, and by the Huguenots convicted of holding what they deemed the simple truths of christianity, when it pleased the mistress of Louis XIV to be so very zealous for her particular faith. Then came the Highlanders, convicted of the fearful crime, under a monarchical Government, of loyalty to their hereditary Prince on the plains of Culloden, and the Irish convicted of supporting the rights of their country against what they deemed an oppressive power.

These, and such as these, were the “convicts” who, in early times settled the country then known as the New World, and now called the United States of America. Every American ought to be proud of such ancestry

—proud that the test whether a Republic could be maintained as a government, a permanent government, fell into the hands of such “convicts” to try. How triumphant the great principles of self-government, of true Democracy, have come forth from that test, the present prosperous condition of this Union as a government and as a people, fully illustrates.

If the “spirits of just men made perfect” ever do look down upon things below, with what satisfaction do those early “convicts” behold to-day the elevated position of this country, and witness its onward and upward course toward the zenith of fame and power, with the soul-stirring motto “Excelsior” still inscribed upon her glorious banner.

With a new people and a new country—a country upon which the Tyrant’s hand had never been laid, without resistance—well might our Revolutionary sires feel confident that the battles which they were about to fight on the field, as well as in the forum, were not to be fought in vain.

Situated as we are in this day of great things—great success—great surroundings, we are liable to forget the difference between then and now. Then there were but thirteen States—Colonies rather—now there are thirty-seven States. Then all told there were but three millions of people on the American shores—now we have full forty millions. Then this country north of Massachusetts, west of New York and Pennsylvania and south of the Carolinas was a vast wilderness, whose solitude was only broken by the whoop of the Indian, the growl of wild beasts and the roar of the cataract. Now the “frontier” that word, the actual fact of centuries—no longer exists—save in the memory of the hardy pioneer—and from “rosy morn to dewy eve,” the busy hum of Industry makes cheerful music amid the varied occupations of a free and happy people from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Hudson’s Bay to the Gulf of Panama. Then, here and there a hamlet and a few small cities on the sea board contained the sparse population, and the centre of Empire was on the Hudson—now our land is sown broad east with villages and cities, counting their numbers from hundreds to millions, and the centre of Empire is on the Missouri. Then our commerce consisted of a few old hulks whose sails flapped lazily in the breeze as they chafed their shaky ribs against rough hewn piers. Now the masts of a single sea board may fitly be likened to a forest of leafless pines, and the snowy sails of our commerce whiten every sea—every ocean—every harbor on the Globe—while the glorious old flag, with its stripes and its stars—ever the same as when first unfurled in the Revolution—streaming from every mast head—is a constant monitor to the people of every land—the mariner on every sea—that wherever it floats it represents a power not second to that of any nation on God’s green earth.

In all our boasted pride over the success of arms—in the period of which we speak—let us never forget that not alone to those who peopled this land at that day—not alone to Americans is the credit due for that eminent success. From over the sea patriotic men—men whose names shall live so long as history is read or tradition repeated—came up to the help of the weak against the mighty. There was LAFAYETTE, BARON DE KALE, PULASKI, KOSCIUSKO and others no less praiseworthy and brave, whose stout hearts and willing hands were joined with those of WASHINGTON, WARREN, GREEN, STARK and KNOX and those other brave patriots who led the armies of the colonists to battle at Bunker Hill, Concord, Lexington and Brandywine. These men believed the principles inculcated in the Declaration of Independence to be something more than a mere enunciation—“a string of glittering generalities.” They had faith in the wisdom of the men who signed that document—faith in such men as ADAMS, and LEE, and SHERMAN, and JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN, and RUTLEDGE, and HANCOCK, and why should they

not have such faith, while everywhere throughout the colonies were found men of equal valor, patriotism and bravery.

How fresh in the memory, are the words of Patrick Henry then the youngest member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia—as he poured forth his fervent, persuasive eloquence. In the heat of debate he boldly asserted that the King had acted the tyrant, and then alluding to the fate of other tyrants he exclaimed—“Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third,” then pausing while the cry of—“treason”—“treason”—rang through the hall—he coolly added—“may profit by their example.” “If this be treason make the most of it.”

And we of this day—we of this Western World—we of Nebraska are reaping the golden harvest of “Liberty, Equality and Fraternity” of Union, Peace and Prosperity, the natural products of seed thus sown, and yet but once a year, do we spend an hour rehearsing the story of “the times that tried men’s souls.”

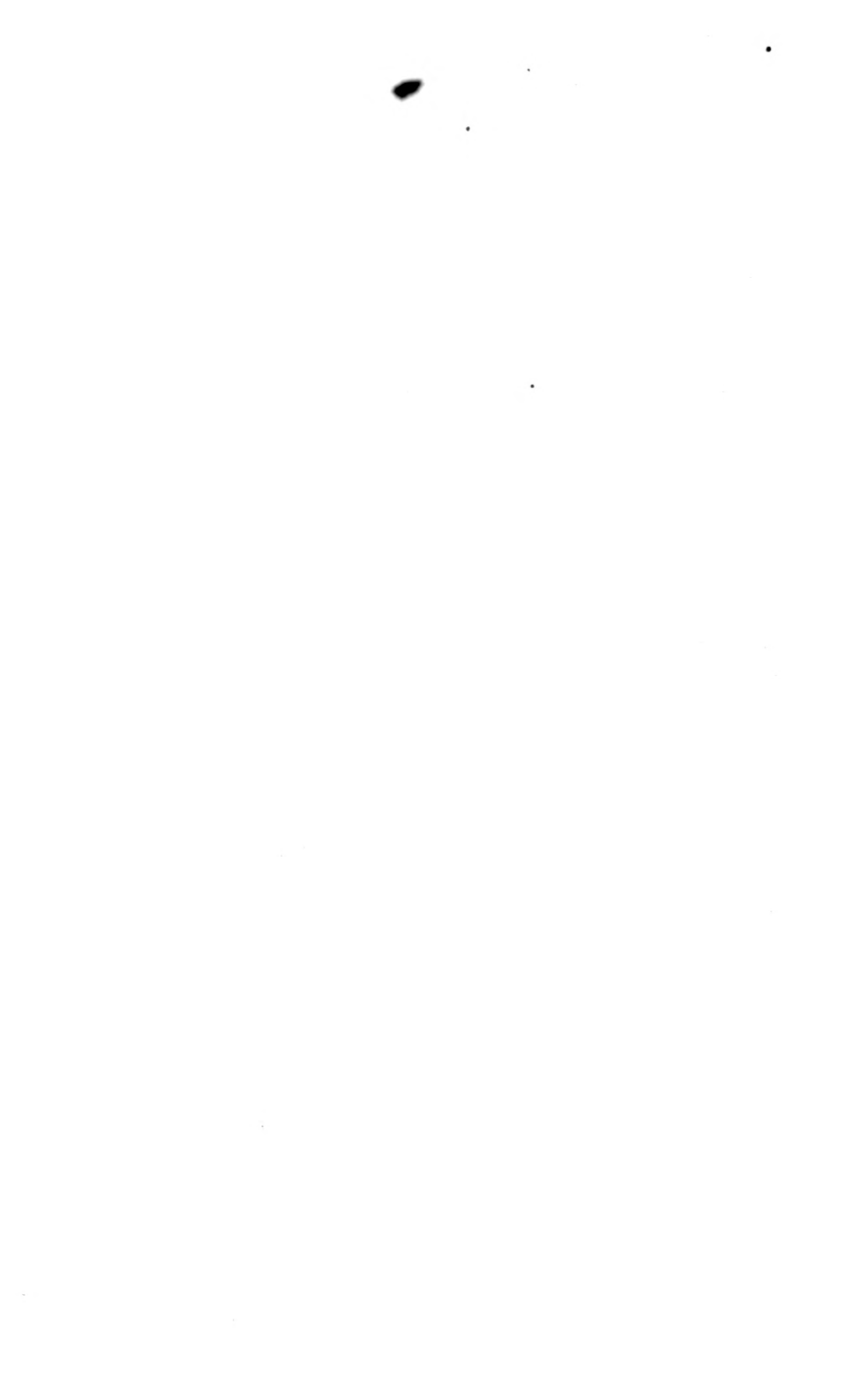
After all upon you my countrymen—yes upon you of West Point, this beautiful young city, set like a bright gem in the coronet of Beauty—upon me, upon every man, woman and child in this Republic, depends the final solution of the great question, which the people of the old world do not understand, cannot solve, though they have tried again and again—and that is, whether, when years shall have come and gone, when centuries shall have rolled on and on, the world shall then witness what we of to-day see—in all the noontide of its glory, a Republican form of Government based upon the simple principle contained in the Declaration that “all men are created free and equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”

The lessons of the hour to us who have chosen our lot with the youngest sister of the American Union, are full of hope. Our people are patriotic, industrious and thriving; our valleys are richly laden with abundant crops to make glad the toil of the harvester; our prairies teem with herds and flocks and our vacant lands are fast filling up with a population which has well chosen its future home.

Soon, how soon, no one now even dreams, the flowing tide of emigration which has so long rolled its waves westward, will ebb, and from the shores of the Western Sea will set towards the Eastern. Then the valley of the Missouri, the true father of waters, will have become the commercial centre, if not the seat of our Government, and our broad acres will be valued in numbers that now seem fabulous. Then our tens of thousands will have become millions and Nebraska will take the place to which the improvement of her natural resources will entitle her, second to none in that Grand Roll of United States, which will ere long have doubled its present number.

Amid all this prosperity—present and future—we will not forget to pay the debt of gratitude we owe to those devoted men, those brave soldiers, who from time to time, in the various wars upon American soil have offered up their lives, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of Liberty, nor to guard the priceless inheritance they bequeathed to us—the right of Self Government.

Proud of our Country—proud of our Nation—
 Proud of our Hearths, our Homes and our Friends—
 Proud of Ancestors and their Declaration—
 Proud of the rights our Liberty lends—
 As we joyously sail o’er life’s bright waters,
 On the old ship “Union,” with streamers so gay,
 The tale we will tell to our sons and our daughters,
 Of the battles they fought in our forefather’s day—
 Of American Empire—we’ll rehearse the story
 Of its course and its progress from its earliest date,
 And eagerly watch, till covered with glory,
 OUR REPUBLIC SHALL TRIUMPH, PEERLESS AND GREAT.









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